

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, - D. C.

Section 4 of the amended Virginia Constitution excludes from the suffrage "persons who, while citizens of this State, after the adoption of this Constitution, fought a duel with a deadly weapon, or sent or accepted a challenge to fight such a duel, either within or without the bounds of this State, or knowingly conveyed a challenge or aided or assisted in any way in the fighting of such a duel."

It is said that a billion plain, twenty million fancy and thirty-two million safety pins find a market in Chicago every year. Enough common pins are sold in New York City annually to reach more than half way round the world if welded in one continuous chain. They would run from New York City to San Francisco almost five times, and if stacked up in papers of the ordinary commercial size would stretch more than three miles into the air.

Edison says the battery for his new automobile can be charged in forty minutes for a run of twenty-five miles, and in a couple of hours can be charged for a 100-mile run. The battery is very compact, and is enclosed in a sealed steel case twelve inches high, six inches long and four inches wide. The battery is about the size of a Webster unabridged dictionary, and it seems wonderful that energy for a 100-mile journey can be stored away in that space.

The idea that the age of a horse can always be told by looking at his teeth," said a veterinary surgeon, "is not entirely correct. After the eighth year the horse has no more new teeth, so that the tooth method is useless for telling the age of a horse which is more than eight years old. As soon as the set of teeth is complete a wrinkle begins to appear on the upper edge of the lower eyelid, and a new wrinkle is added each year, so that to get at the age of a horse more than eight you must figure the teeth, plus the wrinkles."

More small articles of household and office use are manufactured in Newark, N. J., than in any other American city. The output of cheap patented goods is almost incalculable, and in addition there are manufactories of all sizes turning out leathers, jewelry, brass goods, india rubber, celluloid, cartridges, enameled cloth, machinery, varnish, chemicals, hats, sewing silk, thread, trunks, harness, cotton goods, clothing, boots and shoes, sewing machines, agricultural implements, cutlery, ales, beers and a thousand and one other things. The capital invested in manufactures exceeds \$100,000,000.

What is stated to be the oldest ship in the world has recently been sold at Tenerife to be broken up. This is the Italian ship Anita, registered at the port of Genoa. The Anita, which resembled Christopher Columbus's ship, the Santa Maria, was built in Genoa in 1548, and effected her last voyage at the end of March, 1902, from Naples to Tenerife six or seven weeks ago. The Anita was of tremendously stout build, and had weathered countless storms and tornadoes in all parts of the world; but, says the Shipping World, it was also the slowest ship afloat, taking 205 days on one voyage from Baltimore to Rio Janeiro.

According to the Review of Reviews, wheat growers pay the laborers from \$1.50 to \$3.50 a day. Some more expert than others earn \$4 a day. The cost of harvesting an acre of wheat is divided as follows: Twine, 25 cents; plowing and harrowing, \$1; drilling, 40 cents; seed, 50 cents; cutting, \$1.25; hauling, \$1.50; threshing, \$1.75; total, \$6.65. If sold at 60 cents a bushel, the farmer doubles his money. Machinery saves much to the farmer, but the day laborer yields him even a greater profit. A binder will cut 15 acres a day. The twine costs 25 cents an acre, the binder driver is paid \$1.50, and the hire of the team is \$2.50. In some sections the header is used instead of a binder, thus eliminating the cost of twine. The total expense in cutting 1000 acres is \$600, of which \$410 goes for horse hire and twine. However, the farmer pays larger wages to those who do the harder work of the harvest field. The binder driver sits under a sunshade, riding upon his machine. His work is frequently given to young women when there is a scarcity of men in the field. Those who shock the bundles of grain, tramping through the wiry stubble all day long, are paid \$2.50 a day. Stackers and haulers earn a similar sum.

THE HUNTER IN CAMP.

O! the bountiful sense of freedom that sweeps through the hunter's breast When the tramp of the day is over and he dreamily lies at rest. In the glow of the blazing camp fire that stabs at the robe of night, And points at the gathering shadows with fingers of cheery light, The smoke from his pipe curls upward in wreathings of vaporish gray, And chases the sparks from the pine knots that snap in defiant way. As he lies in his well-worn blankets and lazily takes his ease Where only the stars can find him as they peep through the sheltering trees.

He dreams of the world out yonder, but never an anxious thought Finds place in his hazy bosom; to him the great world is naught But a whirlpool of care and trouble, from whose ever-gathering ills He fled to his life of freedom and peace in the towering hills. He sleeps no man as his master, he is king of his wild domain. There is none to challenge his power, there is none to dispute his reign. As he lists to the night's weird voices borne down on the whispering breeze Where only the stars can find him as they peep through the sheltering trees.

Those voices to him are as music; the cry of the crag-perched owl, The spiteful squal of the wildcat, the dog's howl of menacing howl, The voice of protest from the cougar from mouth of its cavernous den, As the smoke of his fire arises from his camp in the hidden glen. With never a thought of danger he lies in his blanket bed, His coat of canvas the pillow supporting his drowsy head. As he watches the white clouds drifting through limitless azure seas Where only the stars can find him as they peep through the sheltering trees.

O! where is the life so peaceful, so free from the fangs of care? With never a thought of the morrow—no thought of the fruit it may bear. His bedfellow but his rifle, a friend that he never knew To fail in the time of danger—no animate friend more true. He studies the level beauties set high in the arching skies Till the finger of sleep soft touches the lids of his weary eyes, And sweet are the dreamland visions the eye of his slumber sees Where only the stars can find him as they peep through the sheltering trees. —James Barton Adams, in Denver Post.

THE BLACK DIAMOND.

WELL, of all the extraordinary letters I, as a medical man, had ever received this one certainly deserved chief honors. Once again I picked up the envelope and glanced at the writing, only to find it was the work of the same hand that had penned the letter. I allowed my breakfast to become cold, and read the strange epistle for the tenth time.

"Dear Will—Can you loan me a couple of hundred pounds? It's a big order, I know, but I'm in a fearful hole, and must get money somehow before this day month, so if you could help me out I should be extremely grateful. By the way, Lord Nithdale has fallen hopelessly in love with that ugly little vixen, Dorothy Fleming, so there are no possibilities for Violet in that quarter at any rate. Do you think some alteration could be effected in Henry's bequest? It's absurd, that clause about the title; the more so, now that Violet loves Nithdale, and I don't believe anything on earth will persuade her that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Of course, she hasn't a ghost of a chance, for that Fleming girl has cut her off from fortune and the man she loves. However, she has had an invitation to his lordship's ball, which she foolishly believes might mean something. R. S. V. P. as soon as possible. Yours, etc., FRANK RAYNE."

Although Rayne and his only daughter Violet were among my best patients, I failed to see his reason for writing to me in this strain. He had never even hinted at such a thing as a loan before, and now—yes, there could be no doubt but that the letter was for me. It bore my name distinctly in his own handwriting, and he addressed me as "Will," which he frequently did in conversation.

At length I gave up the quest of a suitable solution, and going to my bureau penned a short note to Rayne acknowledging his letter, and saying I was sorry I could not comply with his request, and in a moment of irritation I added that I considered it a greater one than he had any reasonable right to ask. This done, I sealed the envelope and dropped it into the pillar-box, well aware that sooner or later I should discover the motive of his strange appeal. It was not unlikely that he, too, would be present at Lord Nithdale's ball, in which case we should meet, for I also should be there.

There was not the slightest doubt that Violet Rayne was the belle of the evening. Her beauty caught and fascinated every one; even Lord Nithdale could not resist her charms, for now and again he would cast a furtive glance in her direction.

"Hallo, old fellow, how are you? Glad you're come. I was afraid the halt and the lame would prevent your turning up."

"Good evening, Nithdale," I replied, grasping the extended hand of friendship.

"Come along, I want to introduce you to a great friend of mine." He led the way, and I followed him through the brilliant throng as he endeavored to find the person alluded to. "I suppose she's in the ante-room, looking at the black diamond," he added.

"What black diamond?" "Oh! haven't you seen it? I don't expect you have. It's just about a fine stone, I can tell you. I picked it up in Brazil for a mere song, considering that I've been offered \$10,000 for it since my return. I believe the Raynes are the only people here who saw it before this evening, for I only had it brought from the bank a few days ago, in order that my guests should see that Dorothy Fleming isn't going to marry a pauper, at any rate."

We entered a small chamber, where a bevy of smartly dressed men and women had gathered round the case that held the stone. I glanced over their shoulders and beheld what I believe to be the most magnificent gem I had ever set eyes upon, as it lay under a glass lid with the electric lights playing athwart its many facets. Just as I was lost in wonder at the spectacular beauty of the diamond a hand lightly touched my sleeve, and I turned to confront a lady whom Nithdale forthwith introduced to me as Miss Dorothy Fleming.

The evening passed all too quickly,

and night began to merge into morning. Once I caught a glimpse of Rayne as he hurried by me, and throwing a cold glance at me as he turned away. This, though unexpected, was scarcely disconcerting; but later, when I begged a waltz from his lovely daughter, she replied curtly that her card was full. Now, as the band struck up the final dance, Nithdale came into the room, a ghastly pallor on his face, and rushed to where I stood.

"Come quickly—the black diamond—it is stolen!" he gasped, and without replying I hurried after him into the adjoining chamber. There stood the case, but the glass cover had been broken in and the stone was gone!

"Send for the police at once!" he called to a footman who was standing open-mouthed by the door. "Now, Prevost, you go back to the ballroom and announce two extra dances. We must keep every one here at all costs."

The dance went on in a half-hearted fashion, for the boldness of the thief had piqued every one's curiosity, and when a few minutes later Nithdale appeared between the heavy curtains that shrouded the door he was immediately assailed, as I had been, by an eager crowd. Miss Fleming was among the first at his side, but he ignored the questions put to him and held up his hand to command silence.

"I am sorry to tell you," he began, in a clear voice, unalloyed by any suspicion of emotion, "that a thief has visited this house to-night. The black diamond has been stolen!"

Exclamations of horror ran around the guests, followed by a volley of questions.

"All the servants have been searched, but without success," he continued, when the murmurs had subsided somewhat. "Therefore, can any one assist the police and myself by informing me when the stone was last seen in the case?"

For a moment here ensued a dead silence; then one by one those who had been in the adjoining room during the previous two hours began to narrate their experiences.

"I was there half an hour ago, and the stone was still in the case," volunteered Rayne.

"But I've been there since," broke in Dorothy Fleming. "I left my handkerchief on the table and went back to fetch it. The stone was in the case, but my handkerchief had disappeared. In its place was this one, though to whom it belongs I cannot say, for there is no name upon it." She fumbled in her pocket and produced a dainty piece of lace. As she drew it out something fell to the floor and rolled beneath Nithdale's feet. He stooped down to pick it up, and then recoiled with an exclamation of horror.

"Great heavens!" he cried. "It is the diamond!"

III.

It would be futile to endeavor to describe the scene of confusion that followed. Miss Fleming fainted, and it was while I administered restoratives to her as she lay on the couch in the library that Rayne entered.

"Where's Nithdale, do you know?" I asked, under my breath. "Can't say. Off his head, I should say, after such an affair as this. By the way, Prevost, your practice must grow rapidly if you treat all your patients as you did me when I asked your attendance upon my daughter. Your response that you could not comply with my request, which you considered too great a one to ask, is, I should think, unique in the annals of medicine."

Before I could demand an explanation he had vanished from the room, and when I sought him upon the recovery of my patient he had left the house. But his words sent a series of ideas reeling through my brain that for the nonce rendered thought out of the question. Early the next morning, however, as I sat in my own study, tired alike in mind and limb, I realized for the first time that the letter I had received had come into my hands by accident. It had been put in the wrong envelope! Now, as I tried to reason the matter out, there was one sentence that refused to be obliterated from my memory, try as I would: "That Fleming girl has cut her off from fortune and the man she loves."

A conviction of the innocence of Dorothy Fleming became so strong that I felt somewhere I should find evidence to prove it. Accordingly, in

the evening I ordered my carriage and drove over to Nithdale Hall.

I found my friend at home, and when I entered his study he was sitting alone in an armchair, gazing intently at the fire. Around his eyes were dark rings, ample testimony of the suffering he had undergone. I drew a chair up to his and sat down. "Look here, Nithdale, do you believe her to be guilty?" I asked, gripping his arm.

"No. Heaven knows I don't. But what would you have me believe?" "That she is innocent. I believe it and until her guilt is proved every one must believe her innocent, also. Where is the diamond? I want to see it."

He rose languidly, and unlocking a cabinet produced the stone.

I looked at it carefully. As I held the stone in my hand something, I know not what, compelled me to rise and go to the window. Lifting aside the blind, I drew the edge of one of the facets across the glass, while Nithdale watched me in astonishment. Then, striking a match, I examined the pane. The gem would not cut therefore—it was also glass!

For a moment we stood looking into each other's faces; then I took Nithdale by the shoulders and forced him into a chair.

"Now, then, take pen and ink and write what I tell you; but before you begin I may as well say that this is not the missing stone. Ready? Well, write to Rayne and request his presence here, at once, to-night."

When he had finished he rang the bell and handed the letter to a footman, instructing him to deliver it immediately and wait for a reply. Before half an hour had passed the man returned, and, relieving him of the missive he bore, we broke open the envelope and read it together.

It was just as I had expected. Rayne said he was unable to come, as Violet had given way to an old complaint, irritated by the excitement of the previous evening. Dr. Prevost had been sent for during the day and had ordered her to be immediately removed to the continent, so they intended to start by the first train in the morning. He hoped, therefore, that Nithdale would be able to write his business.

Nithdale looked up at me inquiringly. "No. I have not been called in, and if Rayne knew I was going to see his letter he would have been more careful what he said. He is, of course, ignorant that we have discovered the fraud. But mind, Nithdale, he is not solely to blame. Violet Rayne put the imitation stone in Miss Fleming's pocket because she, too, loves you. A dastardly trick. But who knows what might have resulted from it?"

"But can we save the real stone? They will take it with them in the morning."

"Leave that to me. I will go and see Rayne myself now. If he gives me the diamond, well and good; if not, I will have him arrested within the hour."

"Prevost, you're a brick! Give me your hand, old boy. You've saved Dorothy. How—oh! how can I reward you?"

"By allowing Violet Rayne to leave the country unmolested, because—I love her!"—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

Something About Hair.

Homer wrote of the long-haired Greeks by way of honorable distinction. Subsequently the Athenian cavalry and all Lacedaemonian soldiery wore long hair. The Parthians and ancient Persians wore long, bowing hair. The Franks and ancient Teutons considered long hair a mark of high birth. The Goths looked on short hair as a mark of thralldom; so did the Gauls, for which reason Julius Caesar, when he subdued them, obliged them to cut their hair short in token of submission. In England judges, the Speaker of the House of Commons and at one time the bishops, wore long hair, while criminals and paupers wore short hair. On the other hand, Jewish priests during their time of service had their hair cut once a fortnight, and Roman slaves wore their hair and beards long, but shaved off their heads when manumitted. Sailors who escaped from shipwreck shaved their heads as if manumitted from the sea. In Ezekiel v: 1, there is mention of a "barber's razor," with instructions to "thou son of man to cause it to pass upon thine head and upon thy beard."

A Headless Turtle.

It has generally been supposed by naturalists that the seat of the animal's instinct, as of reason in man, is in the brain. An incident related by Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron, formerly secretary and curator of the American Entomological Society, which came under his observation while one of a party of specimen hunters in the West Indies, would go to show the contrary, says the New York Tribune. He says that a snapping turtle was discovered on the beach of an island where the party was encamped, making for the water. One of the party seized an ax and cut off the turtle's head. Still the headless body continued moving with scarcely diminished rapidity, leaving the head behind on the sand. The turtle was picked up and carried some distance inland, then placed down, the neck facing away from the sea. As it lay in perfect condition, the turtle turned round and made for the water again, apparently anxious to escape even without its head.

Causes of Famine in Russia.

The famines in the interior of Russia are coincident with a decline in the humidity, due in great measure to the destruction of forests.

The seeds of discontent often result in a crop of wild oats.

FOOTBALL IN TURKEY.

Sport is Pursued Under Great Difficulties in That Country.

Sport does not meet with much encouragement in Turkey, and is pursued under great difficulties. A young Turk called Rechad Bey, inspired by the Smyrna and Constantinople football match, organized a club among his friends, together with some Greeks and Armenians, and began practicing. A few days ago, in the middle of the night, police came to his house and carried him off to Scutari. There he was submitted to a long interrogation as to the club and the game of football. Matters only grew more complicated, as the Turkish word for ball is "top," the same as for cannon. The authorities were convinced that they had found a great plot, and that the club must be a secret society. A special messenger was sent for the ball, and that was duly examined, and found to be an infernal machine. The regulations of the club were considered to be another piece of damning evidence, and still worse were the jerseys and colors of the club, which showed a complete organization, even to a uniform.

After long deliberation, the culprit was sent to the higher police authorities in Stamboul, who went through a second long examination, and came to the conclusion that the Empire had been saved from disintegration by the early discovery of a great plot. They dispatched the whole matter to be examined into at Yildiz. So the young man, the football, the rules and the sweaters and kickers were all solemnly taken to the palace, and a special commission took the matter in hand. After much careful thought and examination of the evidence, it was decided that there might be nothing in it, but it must not be done again. Accordingly, the young man was appointed Vice-Consul at Teheran and bade off the same day. This may appear perfectly incredible, but it is absolutely true.—London Telegraph.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Logic is to woman all that intuition is to man.

When Credit opened her arms seductively, Thrift died of grief.

If it were as easy to do as to promise what an easy thing life would be.

Permitting a nickname in childhood is to be embarrassed in later life.

The surest sign of weakness in argument is to grow wrathful and noisy.

Common sense is not a brilliant quality, but it throws out a clear, steady radiance.

A great many persons give advice and are vexed when the generosity is not lauded.

Many persons are in such a hurry to express themselves that they cut their tails off their words.

To be a good listener is to be a tolerant one. The face, too, must be drilled to mask itself at will.

Jealousy is the meanest of passions, and yet it flourishes among the "just" as well as the unjust.

The person who has tact in abundance and a certain softness of tongue can work his way to fortune with little effort.

The person with the introducing habit should be snubbed. Every woman, especially, has a right to say whom she shall know.

It is diverting to hear persons boast of the number of books they have read. It is more so when they cannot tell you the plot of one.—Philadelphia Record.

Surprising Mottoes.

One of the latest fads is the wearing of belts ornamented with Chinese characters in silver. The characters are generally chosen at random, for, as few persons can read Chinese, the meaning of the hieroglyphics is regarded as of no importance. Nevertheless, in the case of one of the belted beauties, the fashion had an extremely droll result. Quite lately she met an educated Chinese gentleman, who expressed his admiration of the sentiments set forth in the lettering on her belt. "It is beautiful," he said, "and I congratulate you on the excellence of your mottoes, which I think are unusual in your country." "Oh, the sentiments," replied the gratified owner of the adornment, "do tell me what the characters mean." "There are but two wishes expressed," said the Chinaman, "but as they are repeated several times over I know they must be your true aspirations. One is 'May all my enemies die by torture,' and the other is, 'May I have fifty sons.'"

No Charm of Novelty.

The young husband of a story sent to this column was hardly polite, in view of the presence of others than he and his wife; but the sender of the anecdote devotes much space to description of the wife's temper. Her outbursts were frequent and ill-timed; and, as they live in a hotel affected by the set in which they move, their differences form a topic of gossip among those who know them. They had some friends in their apartments for dinner on a recent evening; and the Martinique cataclysm was touched upon in the general conversation. One of the guests had been faithfully reading the newspaper reports, and was able to dwell on details. When he had finished, the hostess observed: "I shouldn't care much for life there! Would you, dear?"—this to her husband.

"Well," was his thoughtful reply, "it would hardly possess the charm of novelty."—New York Times.

Pineapple at Singapore.

The price of pineapples at Singapore varies from a farthing to a penny apiece. There was a time when fifteen could be bought for a penny.

"THE EDNA."

Several judges of what a good cigar ought to be have pronounced The Edna the best 5c. smoke in the city. John B. Buehling, Manufacturer, 1650 K Street N. E.

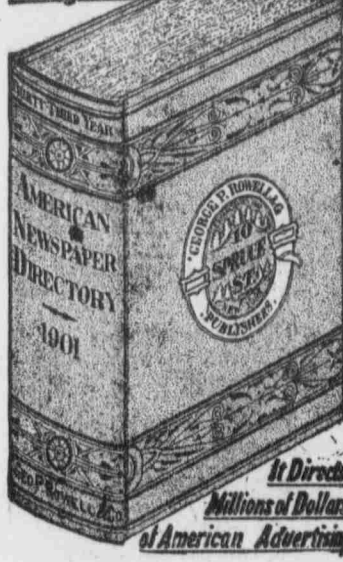
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